The (otch

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1918

ONE SHILLING.

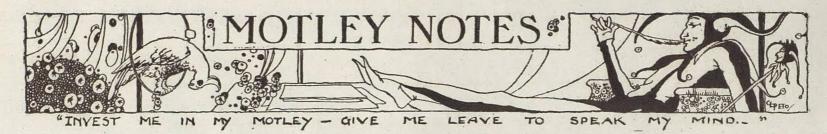


OF AN ANCIENT WELSH FAMILY: MISS CAMPBELL-DAVYS, A V.A.D.

Miss Campbell Davys, of Neuaddfawr, Llandovery, Carmarthenshire, is the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Campbell-Davys and Mrs. Campbell-Davys, who is a daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Wright, of Mapperly Hall, Notts, who was in command of the Robin Hood Rifles | joined the Red Cross, and worked for a considerable time in hospital.

for many years, and traced his descent to Edward I. Miss Davys is also descended, on her father's side, from Elystan Glodrydd, Prince of Perlys many centuries ago. Long before the war Miss Campbell-Davys

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

"GERMANS IN RETREAT."

"ENEMY ACROSS THE MARNE."

"GREAT VICTORY FOR THE ALLIES."

When you opened your newspaper some ten days ago, friend the reader, and your eye fell upon those glorious headlines, what was your first sensation? Delight? Triumph? Exuberance? Undoubtedly.

And later, when you had assimilated the facts that the Germans were in retreat, that the enemy were across the Marne, and that the Allies had scored a great victory, what were your second sensations? Did you catch yourself saying, "How long? O Lord, how long?"

If you did, you have no need to be ashamed of the sentiment.

It was a perfectly natural one. The war never seems so long as when complete victory seems at last to be in sight. When you start to climb a hill, you keep your eyes fixed to the path. You think no further ahead than the next step. But when you are nearing the summit, and, raising your eyes, you think you can actually see the summit, how long it seems before you reach that summit! Whilst you are climbing, of course, the imagination is in subjection; when the climb seems nearly achieved, you allow the imagination to outstrip the tired

It is just the same with the war. Good news is delightful, but bad news has the more bracing effect—at any rate, on the British temperament.

Reading the Observer just An Editorial Prophecy. about a year ago, something moved me to clip from the editorial columns a certain paragraph. I placed the cutting in a pocket-book, and thought no more about it until I came across the somewhat tattered slip of paper, quite by accident, a day or two ago. Journalistic prognosticationshideous word !-- are not always suitable for disinterment; it is sometimes kinder to leave them in the darkness and dustiness of the office file. H however, we have a really remarkable piece of work-

"Some 2,000,000 American troops," wrote Mr. Garvin in the

issue of the Observer for Sept. 23, 1917, "as well as dense swarms of American aeroplanes, will be in the Western field a year hence. Economically, the Allies' increased might and influence will give them ability to close still more of the world against German recalcitrance. We are convinced that the breaking point for German power will have been reached just about twelve months from now, and that a right peace will be secured by the Allies just before the winter of 1918."

The truth of the final sentence still remains to be proved. For the rest, I think that is a prophecy of which any writer on the war might justly be proud. For this war has confounded every prophet. Nobody knows what may happen—even before these humble lines get into print. What days for the contents-bills of the evening papers, if they were still permitted! What a babel in the streets! What a harvest for the urchins!

REVIVAL OF AN OLD FRIEND.

OPTIMIST. Well, my boy, what about it now?

PESSIMIST. Well, what about it?

OPTIMIST. Feeling a bit more cheerful?

PESSIMIST. Can't say I am.

OPTIMIST. Oh, get out! You ought to be kicking yourself!
PESSIMIST. I don't see it. We haven't won yet, you know.
OPTIMIST. No. I know that Put the flowing tide is with no of

OPTIMIST. No, I know that. But the flowing tide is with us at last!

PESSIMIST. Yes. I've heard that before.

OPTIMIST. My dear fellow, don't you realise that our supply of fresh troops is inexhaustible?

Pessimist. The Huns seem to have a few to go on with.

OPTIMIST. Stale! His men are stale! And look at our food supply!

PESSIMIST. I should like to look at it.

OPTIMIST. We've been promised unlimited bacon!

Pessimist, Glad you said "promised."

OPTIMIST. There 'll soon be fresh meat in the shops!

PESSIMIST. The Army will take all that.

OPTIMIST. Bread is to regain something of its old flavour!

Pessimist. That doesn't excite me. My digestion's ruined.

OPTIMIST. The new American aeroplanes will reach Berlin!

PESSIMIST. I'll believe that when it comes off!

OPTIMIST. Austria is sick unto death!

PESSIMIST. And Russia is out of it for ever.

OPTIMIST. The submarine menace is held!

PESSIMIST, Then the Atlantic must be full of rocks.

OPTIMIST. The American troops have proved themselves heroes!

PESSIMIST. Heroism never yet won a war.

OPTIMIST. The German harvest

PESSIMIST. And I haven't a

Single apple on my trees.

OPTIMIST. The German troops are disobeying orders in the field!

Pessimist. I suppose the German gunners fire for amusement. Optimist. Good heavens, man! Is there no pleasing you?

Pessimist. Yes. It pleases me to talk to you.

Optimist. You ought to be thankful you are not in the trenches to

Pessimist. I'd get better rations if I was.

Optimist. I believe you'll find something to grouse about on the very day peace is signed!

PESSIMIST. We're sure to make a mess of the terms.

Optimist. Anyway, you can console yourself with the fact that you won't be here for the next great war.

PESSIMIST, I wish I could be sure of that.

PESSIMIST. For sure-on the losing side.

OPTIMIST. You think you'll be reincarnated?



ACROBATIC YET GRACEFUL: MISS BETTY BLAKE AND MR. JEAN
CASTENER DANCING IN "THE BOY," AT THE ADELPHI.
The dance is given in the Cosmos Hotel scene, and is very popular. Mr.
Castener, by the way, taught King Alfonso the Tango: this after winning the championship for the Maxixe Brésilienne and the Tango at the Folies Bergère,
Paris.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

THE GREATEST OF BRITISH DEMOCRATS.



This photograph of the King and Queen was taken on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding day of their Majesties, July 6, 1893, and therefore possesses historic interest in the highest degree. For King George V. and Queen Mary are more than popular—they have won the admiration and loyalty of their subjects by a thousand acts of kindness; and their whole-souled devotion to any and every form of effort which



Lady Campden Convalesces.

I am glad to hear that the charming Viscountess Campden, who used to be Miss Alice Mary Eyre, is making rapid strides towards recovery from

her illness. I remember her husband when he was one of the "nuts." After leaving Oxford, he became Attaché to the British Legation at Stockholm. It seems a long time ago since he was presented with a pair of guns and a congratulatory address by the tenants and tradesmen of the Exton estate at Oakham.

And Lady Dalkeith Any number of people were Departs. sorry to learn last week that the Countess of Dalkeith had run away from London to Scotland. They left their cards and walked away disconsolate, for the Countess is one of the

most popular personalities in funds."—Daily Paper.
Society to-day. Before her marriage she was Lady Margaret Bridgeman, younger daughter of the Earl of Bradford, and a descendant of Mr. Edward Bridgeman, who happened to be Sheriff of Exeter



PRINCESS MARY INSPECTING A YOUTHFUL GUARD OF HONOUR: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE LONDON ORPHAN SCHOOL, WATFORD. Princess Mary recently visited the London Orphan School and distributed the prizes, Photograph by Topical.

Photograph by Topical. ordered her rest—"A rest,"

I added, "well justified by all your work and activities." "No, not my activities," answered the Countess; "but justified, perhaps, by my anxieties." At that time she had three sons in the firing-



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY? "I met a delightful old lady in Sloane "I met a delightful old lady in Sloane Street yesterday who seemed to have stepped out of the pages of Jane Austen. On either side of her was a tall, robust land girl in smock and gaiters. The relationship was evident—a mother and her two daughters. They represented the old-time idyllic England and the new adventurous one."—

Daily Paper.

meet girl friends. This enjoyable dance was preceded by a small

BARREL - ORGANISTS-NEW STYLE, "On Queen Mary's Naval Hospital 'Gift Day' at Southend ladies will perambulate the town with barrel-organs and make collections for the funds."—Daily Paper.

in quite recent years— 1563. Now don't think I am making a joke. This war has changed the value of time so much that everything that happened before August 1914 seems to me to be relatively remote and yet relatively recent.

Likewise Lady Albemarle.

I met the Countess of Albemarle last week as she left Belgrave Square for a visit to Quidenbam Park, Norfolk. The last time I met her was three years ago, when she told me that her doctor had

line. The youngest hope of her family was waiting for his com-

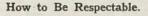
mission, to leave Woolwich. Some time after this the social set, which is generally designated in the public Press by that horrible word "Society," was somewhat excited by Lady Albemarle's action in giving a little dance for some of our younger officers from the front, in order that they might

dinner at Claridge's. There is nothing that One-Pip, Two-Pips, and Three-Pips appreciate better than a dance, when they are free from France. Still, if I remember rightly, the damp

deans in the dismal dug-outs at home seemed to regard this innocent little frolic as out of harmony with the serious spirit of cur time. Of course, they always do. Having made the Empire

promenade an isolation of desolation, having shut up Ciro's (where I will freely admit that the ginger-ale was at times

the best I have ever tasted), having prohibited dancing, knocked the Tango on the head, and threatened to overlay the Tickle Toe dance, these worthy descendants of the late Mr. Chadband and the equally late Mr. Stiggins are surprised that our young officers on leave occasionally find themselves in haunts which I, as a Worldling, could not even describe as reputable.



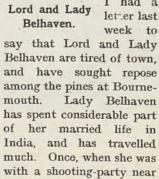
A young officer friend of mine who has been wounded twice, and has on each occasion paid

for his wounds by bringing down a brace of Germans, summed up the situation to me very neatly at the club last week. "My aunt," he said, "would be

shocked if I went to a dance, because she would think it a bally unpatriotic thing to do; I can't go to a music-hall now-

MONS STAR OFFICER MARRIED: LIEUTENANT W. H. BOWKER AND HIS BRIDE, MISS E. M. LAWRENCE, LEAVING BRIXTON PARISH CHURCH.

all our rational and natural amusements, you can expect anything to happen. And, after all, there are worse places that our young officers might have been driven to by the cranks than the gaming-table.



the Tana River, some of

the party came across a

I had a

large "school" of hippopotami playing in a deep pool. their approach the beasts took fright and sought refuge under water. At last one showed his ears and eyes above the surface, and at once received a bullet behind the ear from



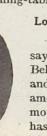
WIFE OF THE PROSPECTIVE LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR EAST-BOURNE: LADY CALLAGHAN. Lady Callaghan has been working so hard on war work that her doctor has ordered her a good rest.—[Photograph by Corbett.]

I've been to 'em all; but I've lost £3000 at a quiet little game of cards during my last leave, and auntie doesn't seem to mind a rap. I'm glad I've found out how to be respectable." Most people " High Play " probably know in Society. that there is

an epidemic of "high play" in the West End just now. I am not a bit surprised. I rather suspected that something worse would happen. When fools and faddists aspire together to kill



trollers respectively, are here seen at the entrance to the Allied Food Supplies Conference of Controllers at Lancaster House .- [Photograph by Tobical.]



A NEW PEER: VISCOUNT DUNLUCE, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED EARL OF ANTRIM.

ARRANGING FOR AMERICANS
AND BRITONS TO "EAT AT A
COMMON TABLE": (LEFT TO
RIGHT) MR. HERBERT HOOVER
AND MR. J. R. CLYNES, M.P. "Mr. Hoover and Mr. Clynes, the United States and British Food Con-

WITHIN THE MEANING

OF THE ACT?

"The use of gold lace or gold

thread is prohibited on any

garment or hat which is not a part of the uniform of one of

his Majesty's Services, or of the dress of an officer in the Mercantile Marine." – Daily Paper.



SCOTTISH ESTIMATES THE NICHT. YE KEN!"
It is stated that Mr. Harry Lauder

TO CLAIM A SEAT IN

PEERESS IN HER OWN

RIGHT: VISCOUNTESS

RHONDDA.

AS

THE LORDS

the gun of Lady Belhaven which finished his interest in the activities of this world. I really think she ought to go out to the front as a sniper.

"The Title."

Mr. Asquith and I was rather disappointed when I visited the

Royalty Theatre the other night-not the first night-to see Mr. Arnold

Bennett's new play, All " The Title." sorts of people, including Mr. Walkley, had told me that the show was quite the wittiest thing in town. I went there, and came to the " Five Towns " may



ENGAGED: CAPTAIN G. R. POLLARD, R.A.F., AND MISS D. CHEETHAM. Captain Pollard is the youngest son of Sir George Pollard, M.P., and Lady Pollard, of Southport. Miss Cheetham is a daughter Southport. Miss Cheetham is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cheetham, of Brighous

conclusion that the produce quite the fivest of pottery and pedestrian novelists, but

are really not so successful in the production of epigrammatists. I don't think I was quite alone in this opinion. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith and their volatile daughter Elizabeth were seated, almost unrecognised, just in front of the pit, in the last row of the stalls. Watching the way in which they disguised their thoughts made me realise

the kind things which his political friends have said about him in regard to his habits of diplomatic discretion.

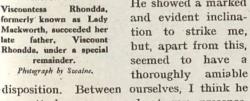
> " Leading " for Esmond.

that the father of this distinguished family fully deserved all

Walking in that oldfashioned suburb of London - we used to

think of St. John's Wood as a suburb in the days when the hansom-cab drivers called us "Major" if we gave them five shillings to take us there-I ran into pretty Miss Jessie Winter, who told me that she is to be the new leading lady in the new play which Mr. H. V. Esmond has written. Then she took me to her delightful house,

and I was introduced to her baby boy. He showed a marked and evident inclination to strike me, but, apart from this, seemed to have a



disposition. Between ourselves, I think he was utterly unconcerned at my presence. Wait till he grows up to be a popular actor or an unpopular politician!

The Park is not dead In the Park. Any number of yet. interesting people manage to meet each other there these days, weather permitting, if I may make such a remark without drawing down upon myself the frowns and the punishments of "Dora." I walked into the

Park the other day for a brief half-hour, and met Lord and Lady Ormonde, who were chatting to Lady Edward Cavendish, in her bath-chair. Presently the group was joined by Lady Constance Butler. Further on, I encountered Lord Weardale with Lord



THE GIRL AND THE TWIRL. "'I should have all my customers accompanied by their wives," said a Sussex hairdresser, when asked by the tribunal what objection he had to a lady assistant."—

Daily Paper.



Garvagh. "That's Lord Rosebery," said my flapper companion, who always tries to be informative, with a nod at Lord Weardale. I wonder who will be flattered-Lord Weardale or Lord Rosebery.

Lady Diana.

I have heard so little of Lady Diana Manners of late that

I have become seriously concerned on her behalf-or was it on behalf of the Press photographers and paragraphers? Were they all dead? Had the leopard changed its spots? Had the right hand lost its cunning? Or had our one and only Lady Di passed into temporary oblivion? My dreadful fears were set at rest at the Ritz last week, when I met Lady Diana tripping down the stairs and looking as

charming as ever in a brand-new nurse's uniform. I wonder how many uniforms and dresses she has worn in her time. Don't try and guess. The odds would be all against us, anyway.

Lady Curzon and Lady Massereene.

It was at the Ritz also that I saw Lady Curzon,

who seems to be blossoming out into quite a fashionable, as well as a distinguished, personage. She was chatting on the stairs with Lady Massereene about the success of the Belgian Concert in aid of the British Red Cross, which has added to history inasmuch as it induced the King and Queen of the Belgians to fly across to England in seaplanes. I won't



TRÈS MOUTARDE!

"In a list of M.C. awards the following is told of 2nd Lieutenant A. Mustard. His tank stopped owing to engine trouble, and was surrounded by the enemy, who bombed it, fired at point-blank range through the loopholes, and called upon him to surrender. He kept his guns firing, and after working at the engine for 45 minutes succeeded in and after working at the engine for 45 minutes succeeded in starting it. The tank and crew were saved."—Daily Paper. attempt to try to describe what either of them was wearing, but my informative flapper friend talked vaguely about "wine - coloured feathers," and used a number of words which I certainly cannot write and shall never try and pronounce. Let me sum up the situation - both Lady Curzon and Lady Massereene looked entirely charming.

Queens at a Matinée.

I am quite frank enough to admit that I have been

to a number of entertainments since this terrible war beganand surely some of the entertainments have been one of the most terrible features of the hostilities at the back of the lines — where I have seen Queen Mary, gracious but not enthusiastic about the programme. This was not the case with the Navy Cinema Fund matinée. The Queen, who looked at her best in pale-grey, thoroughly enjoyed the whole affair. She leant out of her box, and repeatedly drew the attention of

Queen Alexandra, who was in the next box, to what was happening on the stage. When the boxes rub shoulders with each other, so to speak, in this way-like the good folk in the gallery used to nudge each other in the days when we were all younger -you may be sure that the show is all right. It is ever uninteresting the which asks for-and gets-inattention.

THE WORLDLING,



CHILDREN'S DAY AT ROTHESAY CASTLE DURING SCOTLAND'S RED CROSS WEEK: LADY BUTE AND HER CHILDREN ARRIVING AT THE CASTLE. Photograph by C.N.

'BUS is no respecter of persons, and Miss Marie Keppelwhose wedding to Lord Marsham drew a crowd of almost pre-war smartness to the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, last week-owed her lameness and the fact that she carried a white stick instead of the usual bouquet to one of these democratic conveyances. Miss Keppel-accustomed, before the war ruled them unnecessary luxuries, to a motor, or at worst to a humble taxiattempting, on her way to war work, to board the now democratic 'bus, slipped and had her foot badly hurt, so that she is in a double sense a war victim-a distinction

ENGAGED: MRS. OSBORNE ROBERTS. Mrs. Osborne Roberts, whose engagement to J. Keith Edwards, the only son of Mr. Mrs. Keith Edwards, of Mells Lodge, Halesworth, Suffolk, is announced, is the widow of the late Mr. Osborne Roberts, and twin sister of the Hon. Mrs. Melton Astley, and daughter of the late General G. A. Strover,
Commissioner of Pegu, Burma.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Relief Fund.

Dundonald's Plan. The German excuse that the use of gas at Ypres was fully justified because the English Lord Dundonald had once proposed a similar scheme to the British Admiralty recalls the exploits of a now almost forgotten naval hero. Dundonald's plan, which he offered to use against Sebastopol, is



THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE: A NEW PORTRAIT.

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke is the wife of the elder son of Princess Beatrice and the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. Before her marriage, which took place in 1917, the Marchoness was well known in Society as Lady Irene Frances Adza Denison. sister of the present Earl of Londesborough, who succeeded to the title in the same year.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

band, who is in the Coldstream Guards, and was twice wounded in the first year of the war. A New Departure. Clubs for women are

she shares with her soldier hus-

no novelty, but it has been left for the war to provide the service" variety, and those which Mrs. Lloyd George and Lady Markham are helping to establish for the women's services will do a great deal to add to the comfort of all ranks. Lady Markham, by the way, is the first of her sex to have crossed the floor of the Coal Exchange, where, earlier in the war, she wielded the auctioneer's hammer with such ability that 2000 tons of coal from pits belonging to her late husband brought in no less than £11,000 to the Wounded Allies

> still an official secret. He first brought it forward as early as 1811, and it was more than once investigated by experts, who threw no doubt on its practicability, but re-jected it on the ground that the means suggested were too terrible and inhuman to be introduced into warfare. Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, was a strange mixture of knight-errant and inventor. After a brilliant carees in the British Navy, he entered into the service of the revolting Spanish colonies of Peru and Chili, and gave them great assistance in making good their independence. The Cochrane tradition is still

strong in the Chilian Navy. He subsequently commanded the Greek Navy in the fight for freedom against Turkey. He was the patentee of many inventions, and altogether one of the most remarkable men who have ever

trodden a British quarter-deck.

These are An Art Benefactor. not days in which most people feel a very compelling interest in art-except at Christie's, where the thousand guineas is bid as glibly as ever. Nevertheless, an intelligent if not a wide public will be grateful to Mr. Joseph Duveen for his generosity in offering to build a gallery for modern foreign art in London. Even from the political point of view such an institution has its uses; it will help to bring the Allied nations together. Little art comes out of Germany, so the question of including her in this "League of Nations" does not arise. In any case, there are no frontiers in art. It is to Mr. Duveen that the nation is indebted for the very splendid Sargent portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, which is one of the chief ornaments of the Tate Gallery. I remember seeing it knocked down at Sir Henry Irving's sale, when Whistler's portrait of the actor fetched an enormous price.

Lord Lytton, A Novelist's who took Grandson. charge of the

Education Bill in the House of Lords, inherits a good deal of the ability which distinguished his father, who was a former Viceroy

masterpieces over which our grandfathers and grandmothers thrilled-and very nice Victorian thrills they were, too. Bulwer-Lytton was one of the most egotistical of men; but he had something to be conceited about, for he only narrowly missed greatness in more than one department. The Lytton family are quite ancient, descending as they do from one of the officials of Henry VII., since whose reign Knebworth has been the property of the race.

The Magic It is not surprising that those who of Courtesy. have suffered by the death of near and dear friends in the war should wonder at the stress laid upon what may seem to them trivial details, such as the making and taking of the



ENGAGED: MISS HELEN MACKENZIE.

Miss Helen Mackenzie, whose engagement to Captain A. V. McDonald, M.C., has been announced, is a daughter of the Hon. Sir Thomas Mackenzie, K.C.M.G., J F.R.G.S., who has held many offices importance, including that of Vice-President of the Royal Colonial Institute. He is a keen sportsman and explorer.

Photograph by Sport and General.

of India, and his grandfather, the novelist. I wonder, by the way, if anybody now reads "Zanoni" and "Paul Clifford," and other



WIFE OF A FAMOUS K.C. AND M.P.: LADY SIMON.

LADI SIMON.

Lady Simon, the wife of Major Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P. for Walthamstow Division of Essex, who has been doing war-work in Paris while her husband was in France, is home again, as, too, is Sir John, who is a Major in the Royal Air Force, Intelligence Department.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.

salute; but it is a fact past ignoring that the value of mutual courtesy in the Army is very real. Men will fight with more heart when the personal note of goodwill is heard and seen.

A HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT: THE BRIDE-TO-BE.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT KENNETH SHENNAN: MISS LOUISE TROUBRIDGE.

Miss Louise Rachel Troubridge, whose engagement to Mr. Kenneth G. W. Shennan, of the Household Cavalry, has been announced, is the elder of the two daughters of Captain Sir Thomas Herbert Cochrane Troubridge, fourth Baronet, and Lady Troubridge, of 48, Great Cumberland

Place, Hyde Park, W., and was born in 1894. Mr. Kenneth G. W. Shennan is in the Household Cavalry, and is the only surviving son of the late Mr. David A. Shennan, and of Mrs. Shennan, of 28, Chesham Place, Belgrave Square, S.W. The marriage will take place shortly.



By the Author of "The Book of Artemas."

ONCE upon a time there was a great war. Indeed, so great was this war and so far-reaching were its effects that there was no tradesman in all the land who failed to realise the full extent of its possibilities.

The Great British Public—that big, pathetic child—was awakened with a start to the reality of international amenities.

Like a virgin in Hades, it felt considerable embarrassment at its unexpected predicament; and it gazed round wildly for some likely-looking guy to be the repository of its innocent trust.

At one time it seemed probable that, in accordance with the views of Mr. H. G. Wells, the people would declare for a republic, with Mr. Horatio Bottomley (in accordance with the views of Mr. Horatio Bottomley) as President durante vita.

Some of the irreconcilables, however, were unable to stomach this Utopian change at any price, so guidance in the crisis had to be found elsewhere.

Faced with the difficulty of making a selection from the somewhat mixed crew who put up for the job, a lack of unanimity was, perhaps, not unnatural.

Partisans arose to support the rival claims of stalwarts with widely divergent views, such as Mr. Asquith and Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Snowdon and a certain Mr. Billing.

Whilst Mrs. Pankhurst (so it was rumoured) was entitled to a meed of praise for refusing to allow her name to be put forward as a candidate for the vacant leadership.

Eventually, after the people had discovered that their freedom of choice—old women and publicity-mongers being excluded—was limited to Mr. Lloyd George (a Welshman), it was decided to elect him Premier.

And Mr. Asquith, who had been entrusted with the reins of Government *pro tem.*, released them like a little gentleman.

The results of this selection were at once apparent—Mr. Bottomley began seriously to concern himself with matters of religion, whilst Mr. Cadbury promptly executed a deed-poll violently denouncing Mr. George as a blood-thirsty renegade.

In the meantime the war continued.

The difficulties of the Government during these trying times were very much eased by the creation of a patriotically inspired political truce.

This, for all practical purposes, put the party system temporarily in abeyance, a purely nominal Opposition being formed which by helpful criticism—sometimes in the form of invective, sometimes through the medium of what was technically known as "sniping"—was of very real assistance to the Cabinet.

And the creation of the new National Party gave additional emphasis to the political harmony, which remained calm and unruffled in spite of this addition of ginger to the Parliamentary pudding.

Even the Press were persuaded to cease from dealing their rapier-like thrusts, and a studied politeness was assiduously cultivated between the organs of opposing political thought.

Hence the expression "cocoa slop" came to define the limits of allowable vituperation, on the one side; and the head-line "Intern Lord Northcliffe," on the other side, was similarly construed to be just within the bounds.

In short, a spirit of mild toleration, which it was found impossible to dissipate,



"ARTEMAS," AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF ARTEMAS":

A LITERARY CONUNDRUM SOLVED IN PART!

Who wrote "The Book of Artemas"? is still THE literary conundrum of the day. Here is part-solution—a characteristic photograph of the

"unknown" humorous writer whose satirical "Book of Artemas" has reached one hundred and twenty-five editions! On this page begin "The Annals of Artemas," and they will be continued weekly.

Photograph by Swaine.

grew up between the different Parties, reflecting an almost appreciable glow of camaraderie amongst all sections of the people.

At the same time, it must not be supposed that the elemental characteristics of the House of Commons were entirely extinguished.

Disorderly conduct remained, as of yore, the medium of noisy mediocrity; and the Irish Members still sulked from the House whenever it failed to comply with their considered demands.

Question time continued to be unproductive of results; whilst the Leader of

the House, in moments of stress, put up a new bluff by threatening to resign.

Aspiring orators, encouraged by the Speaker's eye, solemnly delivered long-winded warnings to the purblind Ministry, so that the Government were obliged to step in to protect its patient people, and, by restricting the supply of paper, compelled the Press to curtail the length of their Parliamentary reports.

This loss of individual publicity was to some extent made up for by a collective advertisement, which was printed on the backs of the £1 notes, and took the form of a pictorial representation of nearly all the windows in the Houses of Parliament.

It is probable that this scheme had an ulterior motive in the invention of a new parlour game—to name the windows after the Members they looked most like—but, as no prize was offered, the game never caught on.

Another improvement which was effected with an analogous object was the removal of the grille from the Ladies' Gallery.

The appearance of Members, when viewed through bars, was, in many cases, ambiguous; shorn of their camouflage, they stood revealed for what they were.

The wisdom of this step was afterwards hotly debated, being particularly bemoaned by a group of enthusiastic Darwinians, who contended that the grille had been of material assistance to students of an important theory.

A further innovation, warmly welcomed by the paxidermists, was the holding of Secret Sittings of the House.

The main object of these Sittings was to ascertain the numbers and disposition of the British Forces; it was suspected—though never proved—that this objective was not reached.

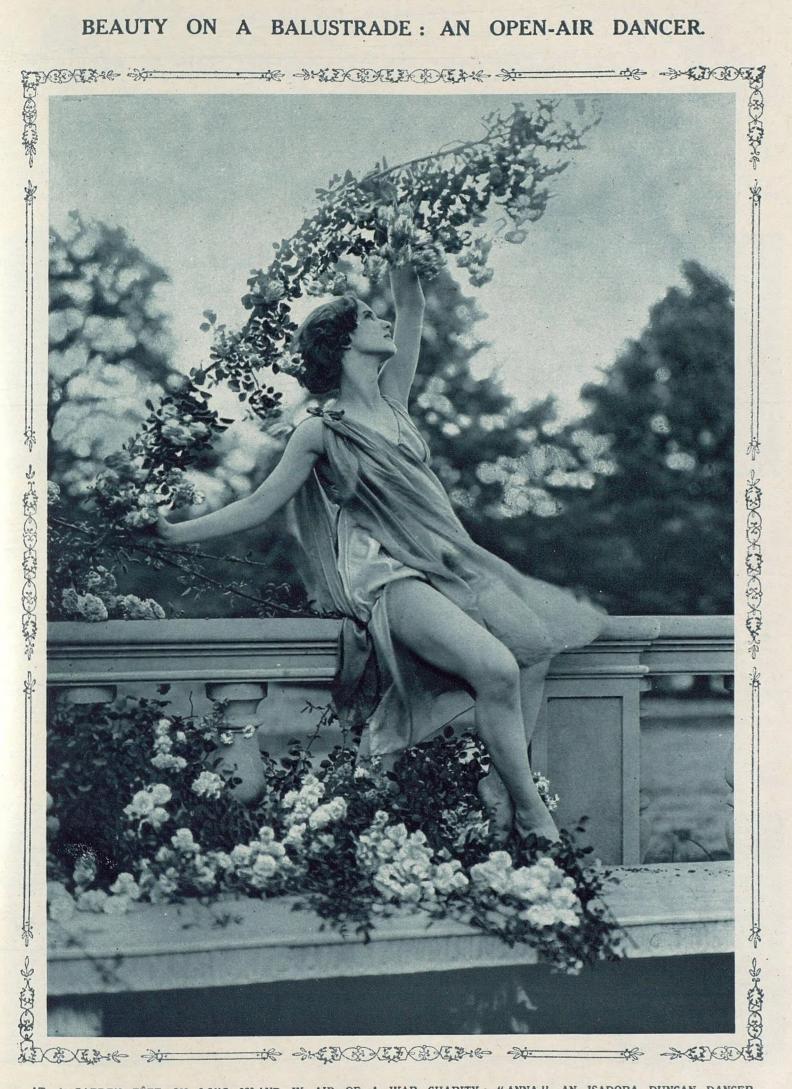
Outside the House, the conscientious scandal-monger, who diligently invents the hidden lives of all our prominent statesmen, was provided, by the course of events, with new and topical ideas.

The gratuitous bestowal of a beautiful mistress upon some totally undeserving Member of the Ministry was quite played out, no longer affording any gratification to the revolutionised tastes of the people.

In accordance with the laws of demand and supply, two other slanders were therefore devised to take the place of this threadbare story.

And it soon became common knowledge that the names of those Members of the House who were not of enemy origin would, without a doubt, be found on a red-printed page in the "Book of the Forty-Seven Thousand"

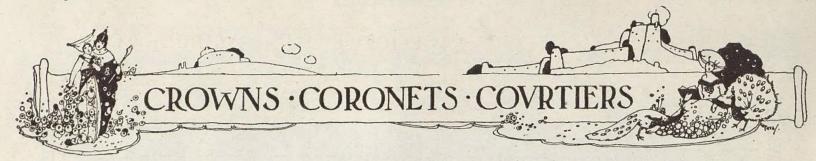
Indeed, to be credited with neither of these iniquities reduced the politician to the level of a Member of the O.B.E. and separated him definitely from the ranks of the Elect.



AT A GARDEN FÊTE ON LONG ISLAND IN AID OF A WAR CHARITY: "ANNA"-AN ISADORA DUNCAN DANCER.

The modern cult of open-air dancing has no more graceful exponents | than the members of Mme. Isadora Duncan's well-known school. She herself, of course, was one of the pioneers, and is famous on both sides of the Atlantic. One of her pupils, known as "Anna," is here seen dancers in America appear on a double-page in this Number.

at a garden fête given not long ago at the residence of Mrs. George D. Pratt, Glen Cove, Long Island, near New York. The fête was in aid of a war charity on behalf of the Italians. Other illustrations of open-air



HE King's delight in young people has never left him indifferent to the claims of age. All the veterans of the Royal Household are full of appreciation of the consideration they receive at his Majesty's hands; and the venerable among the friends of the Royal Family are loud in praise of this mark of his

DAUGHTER OF THE SUGAR CON-TROLLER: MISS URSULA BATHURST. Miss Bathurst is the only daughter of Sir Charles Bathurst, K B.E., M.P., formerly Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food, and now Sugar Controller. Miss Bathurst's mother is the Hon. Lady Bathurst, formerly the Hon. Bertha Susan Lopes, daughter of the first Baron Ludlow.

Photograph by Alice Hughes,

the Palace there was hardly a man who was not a greybeard. Lord Eustace Cecil, at the age of eighty-four, found himself for the first time at the Royal Board. Sir Hubert Parry, another guest, had turned seventy. The Duchess of Hamilton present was the Dowager; and two men in their fifties, Lord Clinton and Lord Mar and Kellie, were the juveniles of the party. One exception there was, and a very graceful one. The Princess Mary paid her elders the appreciated compliment of coming to the table. The wealth Pearls and Pounds.

Majesty's perfect breeding. The other night at a dinner-party at

of nations does not lie in its pictures or in its pearls. But political econom-

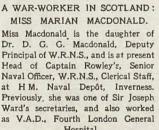
ists count for nothing in the saleroom, and the sum of £47,500 given Mme. for Falbe's necklace makes a new re-

cord in the money-token paid at auction for one luxury. No other single object, whether picture or jewel, has fetched so high a figure; and the yearly interest on the sum paid amounts to nearly £2400 a year, or between £6 and £7 a day. Perhaps the modern fashion of wearing pearls all day may prove for the new owner a real economy! In former times, when pearls were often placed in the keeping of the bank and taken out two or three times in the season for great occasions, the cost of each appearance would mount up to many hundreds of pounds. And when one remembers that a famous

lady of the last generation kept her real pearls always interned, and wore imitations in their stead, the problem of locked-up capital becomes madly bewildering. Pearls of Great

The " pearl of great price"! Price. But the £1500 apiece fetched by Mme. de Falbe's pearls exceeds the wildest dreams of any dame of Scriptural days. The ancient injunction not to cast your pearls before swine would be superfluous in King Street to-day. The value of a pearl is, of course, very variable. In order to fetch a huge price it must-for a pearl-be huge. But not too huge! There is an ideal size, and anything much larger is marked down in the market as a freak. The ideal

pearl has its chief points in the



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Ward's secretaries, and also worked as V.A.D., Fourth London General Hospital.

clearness of its skin and in its absolute sphericity. It must go unerringly straight when rolled on the glass counter of the vendor. And its comrades for a necklace should be "beautifully less," which means less by minute degrees; and should be, besides, its equals in complexion and in roundness. And a pearl loses its complexion, just as the "pearl of a girl"

does, if it is denied a full complement of sun and air.

The sand-bag-Ragging and ging of the Sand-Bagging. King Charles statue again raises the whole question whether it would be good or ill for London if her statues es a whole did happen to be destroyed. Anyway, in answer to Parliamentary ragging, the Government, through Sir Alfred Mond, has announced that the King-and-Martyr's is the only one to which this protection, at the cost of a few hundreds of pounds, is to be extended. Still, nearly all the statues are historical landmarks of a sort. Even Cremwell's in the purlieus of Par-

liament tells the story of a Victorian Englishman's devotion to the Commonwealth. And even ugly



WORKER FOR INJURED SOL DIERS: VISCOUNTESS WIMBORNE. Lady Wimborne, of whom we give a hitherto unpublished portrait, has in-terested herself as one of the organisers of the matinée at Frognal, in aid of the Queen's Hospital for facial wounds and jaw injuries of soldiers wounded in the war.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

statues become endeared to people who constantly see them. Mr. H. G. Wells knew this when he wrote about "The World Set Free" in the coming nineteen-fifties or so; and he foresaw the students' riots when the Albert Memorial is proposed for destruction. They "carried a banner with 'We Like Funny Statuary' on one side, and on the other Seats and Canopies for Statues--Why Should Our Great Departed Stand in the Rain?""

Lady Ulrica Baring has left Lon-The Four Graces. don for Yorkshire-the county of all her early associations. Duncombe Park can never

be dimmed in the affections of the sisters who made a record as the Four Graces. Lady D'Abernon and Lady Cynthia

Graham remain; the fourth, the beautiful Duchess of Leinster, is but a vivid memory. Lady Ulrica's greatest friendship, outside her own immediate circle, was that with George Meredith in the later years of his life. When London missed her for an afternoon, it was because she had run down to Box Hill, and was wandering with the Master on its easier slopes. There he encouraged her as a supporter of votes for women, when votes for women went in need of support; there he talked of literary style, defining it as "a noble manner in an easy manner." There he gave her a Goethe volume, telling her that he first read Goethe because Carlyle bade him do so.



MAINTAINING A HOSPITAL FOR OFFICERS: LADY FURNESS. Lady Furness, the wife of the second Baron Furness, of Nidd Hall, Ripley, Yorkshire, has, with her husband, equipped, and is maintaining, a hospital for two hundred wounded officers, at Harrogate.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.



WAR-WORKER: LADY DRUM-MOND.

The Canadian Red Cross owes much of its Assistant Commissioner in London by the Toronto Executive. Lady Drummond, appointed Assistant Commissioner in London by the Toronto Executive. Lady Drummond started work with only three helpers.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

TO MARRY AN AMERICAN OFFICER'S SON: A BRIDE-TO-BE.

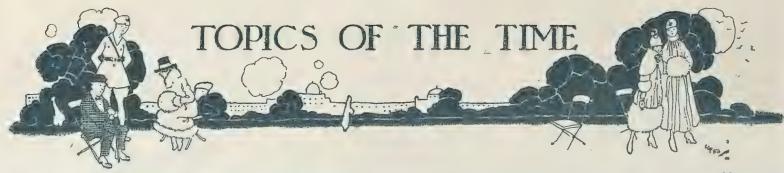


A V.A.D. WORKER ENGAGED: MISS MARGARET PEILE.

Stokes Waite. Miss Peile is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peile, of Ebchester, Co. Durham, and Mr. B. Stokes Waite is the son of Captain H. G. Waite, U.S.R., and of Mrs. Waite, of Chicago. Miss

The engagement has been announced of Miss Margaret Peile to Mr. B. Peile has been working for some time past in connection with the Ked Cross Hut which has been established in Grosvenor Gardens, S.W., and, Peile has been working for some time past in connection with the Red

Photographs by Ella Malcolm.



SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD, Master of the Gardeners' Company, hunted with the hounds and ran with the hare in most admirable fashion at the Mansion House. Having declared that in these days of trial he saw more beauty in a potato than in a pansy, more loveliness in the leek than in the lily, and more honour in cultivating the humble cabbage than in inciting the cultured carnation to further displays of pride, Sir Charles presented the Lady Mayoress with a "magnificent bouquet of orchids"! Evidently the perfumes of his allotment garden include the scents of humour!

When the world was a garden of flowers, and the best of them leant on my breast, as we sat in the blossoming bowers and each other's devotion confessed, I compared her fair throat to the lily, and her ears to the shells of the sea; and, although she declared I was silly, she was rather inclined to agree.

We were married; but man he proposes, and the Lord does the obvious rest, and our beautiful garden of roses and of lilies galore is non est. And no more have we bowers enchanted, or a bed with a rosemary edge, for the whole of the place has been planted with all sorts and conditions of "vedge"!

It was little the future concerned us, it was little we dreamed of to-day, when our destinies took us and turned us, so our footsteps proceeded one way; or I might have avoided the powers which have led to an order that means she's no longer entitled to flowers while I'm handy for giving her beans!

Without the consent of the Board of Trade, you and I, it has officially been proclaimed, must not purchase gold lace for the ornamentation of our civilian attire. The new order does not affect me personally, for I long since removed the gold lace from the



A PEERESS AS PORTRAITIST: AN AMERICAN PATIENT SITTING TO THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

The Duchess of Rutland turns her artistic skill to account by making portraits of subscribers to the hospital which she and Lady Diana Manners are conducting.

Photograph by General Press Organisation.

edges of my lounge suit and bowler and set it against my over-drawn account at the bank. But for the ladies I am sincerely sorry, for I know how they love scattering gold on their clothes.

Dear Board of Trade, I'm much afraid one little point you've let escape? Your order's made for golden braid—and not a word about red tape!

The well-known writer and author, Mr. Ian Hay, told us at the American Luncheon Club that he found the people in the United States perfectly unanimous on one point—the Americans were



AT THE RUTLAND HOSPITAL: THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY DIANA MANNERS, AS NURSES.

The photograph shows a group at the bedside of Colonel Shakespeare, D.S.O. The Duchess is standing at the head of the bed, and Lady Diana Manners at the foot.

Photograph by General Press Organisation.

"out to can the Kaiser." Good !—so long as they are not out to preserve the Crown Prince!

What joy to hear such words as these from Harry, Tom, or Dick or Billy—"A tin of potted Kaiser, please, and half-a-pound of Little Willie."

The Germans have nothing whatever to fear from the Americans as a fighting force. Hindenberg himself said so, and the Kaiser agreed. And then, of course, the whole population of Germany knew it must be true. Meanwhile—facts!

Americans? They didn't count—their fighting days were done. They meant a very small amount of danger, said the Hun! To-day his brow he sits and wipes to hear the twang of Mars! And thus we leave him feeling stripes and also seeing stars!

You and I are going to wear sandals. I can feel them coming on. (I can also feel them coming off.) Their revival, to meet the difficulty of the ever-increasing price of boots and shoes, has been hinted at several times lately in the newspapers; and a noted health specialist (who is very particular about his boots) says that sandals are the finest things out for keeping you fit.

To treat my sandals to a supershine, I placed my foot upon the shoeblack's box. With vigour brushed he at that corn of mine, and gave me—seeing that I lacked them—socks. Flayed were my ankles, and my insteps bruised; and as my homeward way I limped along, in fearful agony of sole, I mused, "What should it matter, if it makes me strong?"

A 'bus I boarded, and I stood inside, pitching and lurching down the crowded street, treading and trodden on, howe'er I tried to keep my balance and to hide my feet. The steady impress of a wooden heel encased in velvet on my smallest toe was very painful; but I somehow feel these sandals keep a fellow fit, you know!

A. B. M.

DUCAL NURSING FOR OFFICERS: THE RUTLAND HOSPITAL.



IN THE RUTLAND HOSPITAL: A GROUP INCLUDING THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND (ON THE EXTREME LEFT, AT THE BACK) AND LADY DIANA MANNERS (EXTREME RIGHT).





MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF THE RUTLAND HOSPITAL: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY DIANA MANNERS, SISTER WHYTE, SISTER MANLEY, AND THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.



The Duchess of Rutland and Lady Diana Manners are indefatigable in devoting themselves to the work of nursing, at the Rutland Hospital for Wounded Officers which they conduct. The Duchess, who is a skilful artist, helps its finances by making portraits of those who subscribe to it. A photograph

FOOTING IT FEATLY ON THE STAGE OF NATUR







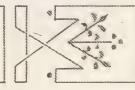
"WHILST OUR MAIDENS SHALL DANCE, WITH THEIR WHITE WAVING THE MARION MORGAN D

Open-air dancing is becoming more and more popular, especially in America, where these photographs were taken. They show some of the Marion Morgan Dancers, members of a very well-known school of dancing, practising their art under conditions that approximate far more closely to the spirit of the ancient

THE MODERN VOGUE OF OPEN-AIR DANCING.



SINGING JOY TO THE BRAVE THAT DELIVER'D THEIR CHARMS":



reek votaries of Terpsichore than is possible in a theatre. Nature herself provides, as a stage, the fresh grass of the woodland glade, while rock and pool and trees form a setting beyond the skill of any scene-painter. In surroundings such as these the dancers can realise the meaning of rhythmical movement.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS: A PAGE OF WELL-KNOWN WOMEN.



Mrs. Soames is the wife of Lieut.-Col. Allen A. Soames, K.R.R.C.—
Mrs. Waite Dickinson's husband, Lieut. H. Waite-Dickinson, is a prisoner of war.—Miss Jessel is a daughter of Sir Charles Jessel, Bt.—Miss Roberta Mitchell is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Percy Mitchell.—Lady Broughton is the wife of Major Sir H. J. Delves Broughton, Bt.

Her portrait, by Shannon, is in the Academy.—Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford is the wife of Capt. Humphrey de Trafford is the widow of the Hon. W. Lionel Walrond, M.P., who died on active service,—Mrs. Geoffrey Howard is the wife of Capt. Humphrey de Trafford is the widow of the Hon. W. Lionel Walrond, M.P., who died on active service,—Mrs. Geoffrey Howard is the wife of Capt. Humphrey de Trafford is the widow of the Hon. W. Lionel Walrond, M.P., who died on active service,—Mrs. Geoffrey Howard is the wife of Capt. Humphrey de Trafford is the widow of the Hon. W. Lionel Walrond, M.P., who died on active service,—Mrs. Geoffrey Howard is the wife of Capt. Humphrey de Trafford is the widow of the Hon. W. Lionel Walrond, M.P., who died on active service,—Mrs. Geoffrey Howard is the wife of Capt. Humphrey de Trafford is the widow of the Hon. W. Lionel Walrond, M.P., who died on active service,—Mrs. Geoffrey Howard, son of the ninth Earl of Capt. Humphrey de Trafford is the wife of Capt. Hump

A CHAPEL ROYAL WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: CAPTAIN VISCOUNT MARSHAM AND VISCOUNTESS MARSHAM (MISS MARIE KEPPEL).

The wedding took place last week, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, of Captain Viscount Marsham, only son of the Earl and Countess of Romney, and Marie, elder daughter of Admiral Sir Colin and Lady Keppel. Captain J. S. N. FitzGerald; Irish Guards, was the best man, and the bride was attended by Miss Violet Blundell, the Hon. Cecilia Keppel, Miss Anne Marsham, the Hon. Marguerite Bligh, Miss Patience

St. Clair, Miss Margaret Bibby, and, as page, Master David Crichton. The bridegroom, who is in the Coldstreams, has been wounded during the war. The bride has been in the wars, too, unfortunately. She met with a nasty accident to a foot recently, and, as a result, had to walk up the aisle very slowly, supported by her father and a stick. She wore a gown of ivory satin. - [Photograph by Langfier.]

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

CE upon a time there was a King and Queen, and they had three beautiful children; but the kingdom of this King and Queen was terrorised and tyrannised over by a huge ogre with thousands of heads and thousands of mouths and thousands of pikes all over, like a monstrous hedgehog. So that the King and Queen, in their prudent and wise love, had sent their three beautiful children to a neighbouring Island under the care of another good King and Queen who reigned over that Island.

The huge ogre had often thrown a covetous eye-one of its many thousands—on that green and gay Island; but, though it spat fire at it now and then, that is all the damage it had been able to inflict upon it.

One day the King and Queen of the Island gave a great festival to celebrate the anniversary of their wedding-day, when they had been care-free, laughing young Prince and Princess, several years ago. To this festival came the King and Queen of the unfortunate ogre-run country. They came through the air in their flying chariot, drawn by-should I say gold swans, or dawn-coloured ibises, or pet dragons? Neither, for this, amiable readers, is not a page out of Perrault's Fairy Tales, but a strictly accurate resume of 1918 newspapers! And when lovers of the obvious (their name is legion) roll on their tongues the time-honoured sentence," These are strange times!" I must shrug my shoulders like that—pardon, mais ils sont si bêtes.

These are not strange times, for history always repeats legend, and every grown-up has been a child once, and every well-brought-

Before in Fairyland-not even the wicked and spiteful Fairy who, furious at not having been reck-

Prince Charming who will wake the

Nothing is lacking in the parallel

oned with at the Banquet of Nations, threw her curse at the whole world. Once upon a time her name was Carabosse; now it is Hate for short (for short is a way of speaking).

Royal V.A.D.

Hate, even when set to music, does not make for happiness, nor Harmony nor Beauty. And the most charming people of this world are those who either bate not or else hide the fact that they hate so well that you'd never

between now and the Era of Ever-18 # A 2 # "Those that hide the fact they hate so well

All the world now wants "luverly" lovely songs and plays and life. That delightful woman and actress Violet Vanbrugh has scored a great success in "The Test Kiss," and is doing flying matinées of it all over the country. The world is tired of hate and war; it wants rest and love-and all the officers and men crowded to see Miss Vanbrugh in her love scene. It is not only I, Phrynette, who make this pronouncement, but others—such as Judge Neil, who attributes the success of his leaflet, "The Return of the Mayflower," which is being used for propaganda, to the fact that there is no word of hate in it. Alex Erskine, the suggestionist, who cures cases of shell-shock, agrees with me; and

you'd never guess it."

Wells, were not fantaisists—but prophets all. And legend is the best school for life. And I am sorry to philosophise, but I 've the flu.

in humble vestments, with cap and apron, and I found her fair and

very sweet; and further reminiscences of other fairy-stories come

to me. The Princess who disguised herself as a maid. Happy the

I 've been looking at a photograph of your little Princess dressed

Helen Morris, who brought such a wealth of tenderness into the Barrie play, "La Politesse," that people wept at its beauty. Yes, what we all want is a world full of love and lovers-that would be El Dorado, the Promised Land, or the Place where the Rainbow Ends, whichever you like to call it.

Another believer in love and laughter as the greatest unguents to the world's many ills is Lady (Rosalie) Chetwynd, who writes me from America that she hopes to be back here again soon. She has been a Broadway star during the winter, and played in "Her Country," which was known over here as "Kultur at Home." Lady Chetwynd has an interesting theory that if you laugh all the time, no matter how dull you are feeling, in time things go right. She certainly helps to make other people laugh, for she is a delightful raconteuse.

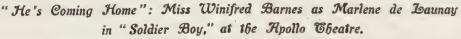
Talking of beauty and work existing together as friends, Lady Mackworth, now Viscountess Rhondda, is a splendid example of She is one of the most restful and delightful-looking women in London, with her fair skin and dark hair, and soft, pleasant speech. Yet I know she works sometimes from nine in the morning to nine at night, and regularly every day attends at her office. She is Director of Recruiting for Women's National Service-a big job-and, in addition, directs several companies and controls many interests.



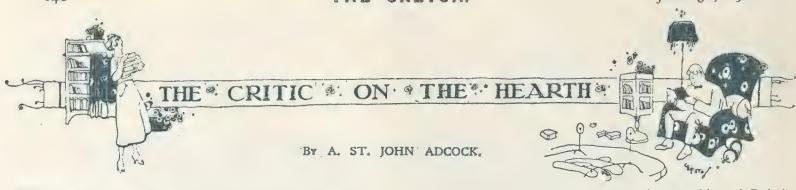
"Pet dragons."

"SISTER" TO A "SOLDIER BOY": MELODIOUS MARLENE.





Miss Winifred Barnes acts and sings with her wonted charm as the heroine of "Soldier Boy." Among her songs are "He's Coming Home" (the prettiest of all), "The Lonely Princess," and two duets, "Golden Sunshine" and "The Kiss Waltz." The hero, a young French officer, goes to a comrade's home to break the news of his supposed death in action to his



HE secret of happiness in this world is just courage—which is another name for common-sense. If you won't take my word for that, let Mrs. Guest's little book of wisdom, "Casting Out Fear," convince you. She packs more practical sagacity into an epigram than some philosophers get into a volume, and puts her finger on the cause of most of our misery. Fear of public opinion makes us snobs, cads, hypocrites; "the fear of illness keeps three-quarters of the world sick"; fear, in which others encourage us, that we shall inherit the weakness of one diseased or insane ancestor among a score who were healthy, brings about the result we expect-and so on.

There's a moral for women who go in fear of losing the love of their husbands in Mrs. Guest's anecdote of the comparatively poor girl who married a young millionaire: "Her one idea of keeping her husband faithful to her was to polish her finger-nails and wear entire lace underclothes, which were irritating both to her skin and her temper." She took a huge house, cut off her husband's "common and real" friends, and collected fashionable new ones. "The upshot of it was that her husband soon preferred his typist, who cooked a supper for him on the gas-stove in her bed-sittingroom, and fed him under a student's lamp, with the cat and the dog and the parrot."

Once Mrs. Guest stumbles. "To a certain type of brain," she says, "a great gentleman is one who is unable to shave himself." Now, I am unable to do that; but if there are any who therefore consider me a great gentleman, they have not started to rally round.

Nobody who knows Sir Arthur Quiller Couch as a critic will need urging to read his "Studies in Literature." He ranges from a chapter on the old Ballads, through "Some Seventeenth-Century Poets," to brilliant studies of Coleridge, Arnold, Swinburne, Reade, Meredith, and Hardy. His judgment of Donne's poetry is finely discriminate, but I wish he had not so readily accepted the common story that Donne was a devil of a fellow in his youth. This is based on the facts that in his early twenties Donne wrote poems that were



CHARMING POILU: MISS MARCELLE EARLE AS FRANCE IN A NEW YORK PATRIOTIC REVUE. Our photograph shows Miss Marcelle Earle in the character France, as she appeared in a patriotic revue by the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York. Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

by Donne at all. It was originally ascribed to another writer, but is now given to Donne because the critics believe he must have done it. No one would hang a dog on such evidence. Anyhow, you can no more place reliance on uncorroborated "facts" gathered from a

poem than you could rely on extracting anything of Defoe's autobiography from "Robinson Crusoe."

Few poets have stepped so instantly into fame with a small handful of great verse as Rupert Brooke did, and there will be a wide welcome for this handsome edition of his "Collected Poems," containing a few not previously printed, and a full and very interesting Memoir, with extracts from his letters that reveal an idealistic, whimsical, manful, wholly charming personality. "I have sampled

and sought out German culture," he wrote home in 1911, after a stay in Germany. "It has changed all my political views. I am wildly in favour of nineteen new Dreadnoughts. German culture must never, never prevail!"-this though elsewhere it is clear he warmly appreciates whatever is good in the German character.

There is no fear in the men who figure in "Centurion's" strong and vividly realised soldier stories of the war, "Gentlemen at Arms," or if there is, they conquer it-except, perhaps, in the case of that poignant tale of the O.C. on a retreat whose fear was not for himself.

Nor is there any fear in Fleet-Surgeon South's stirring tales of the R.N., "The Destroyer," and, if there is some fiction, it is capital fictionor possibly you only suspect it to be that because you don't know war from the inside, and so are taken by surprise when you come, in one tale, upon a delightful love romance between a man and a girl who are both secret service

agents of the Navy.

A FINE SINGER AND ORGAN-

ISER OF SOLDIERS' CONCERTS:

MRS. HARRY BUSH.

Mrs. Harry Bush is a very popular

hostess who has organised many con-certs for soldiers. She herself has a

verses dedicated to her by the

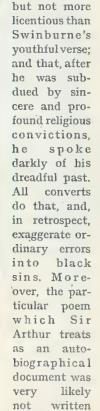
Japanese poet, Gonnoske Komai.

beautiful, contralto voice. Amo her treasured mementos is a set

But the fear of public opinion, of being thought as unimportant as you are, is ably illustrated in "The Pathetic Snobs," a story of Army officers and of women who are engaged in centeen work in an English country town. Little old Miss Johns is a lovable little snob; but there are others who deserve the scathing treatment to which Miss Wyllarde subjects them. It is the snobbery of General Templeton and his wife, Lady Gracia, that helps to drive their hitherto tractable daughter Primrose into a runaway match; and the snobbery of social inequality plays a part in the book's other love romance, which ends in tragedy.

Miss Norma Lorimer knows Egypt intimately, and "There was a King in Egypt" is a good, glamorous romance of the desert. Fred Lampton and Michael Amory are busy excavating one of the tombs of the Pharaohs, and there might have been no tale to tell if Fred's sister Meg had not gone out to join them. There might have been merely a placid love affair to tell of if they had not gone to Assuan on a visit and come across a married woman who obtained a subtle influence over Michael: This made all the difference, and a strange story of passion and adventure is the result, with an apparition of the buried Pharaoh in the background.

Steeped in the romance of the ancient world are the tales in "The Book of Strange Loves." They are written in an ornate, bizarre style suited to their themes. I don't think the new reading of Delilah's character in "Samson and Delilah" is either convincing or an improvement on the original version; but the whole book shows imaginative power, and is worth reading.



frank,

the

after

manner

of his age,



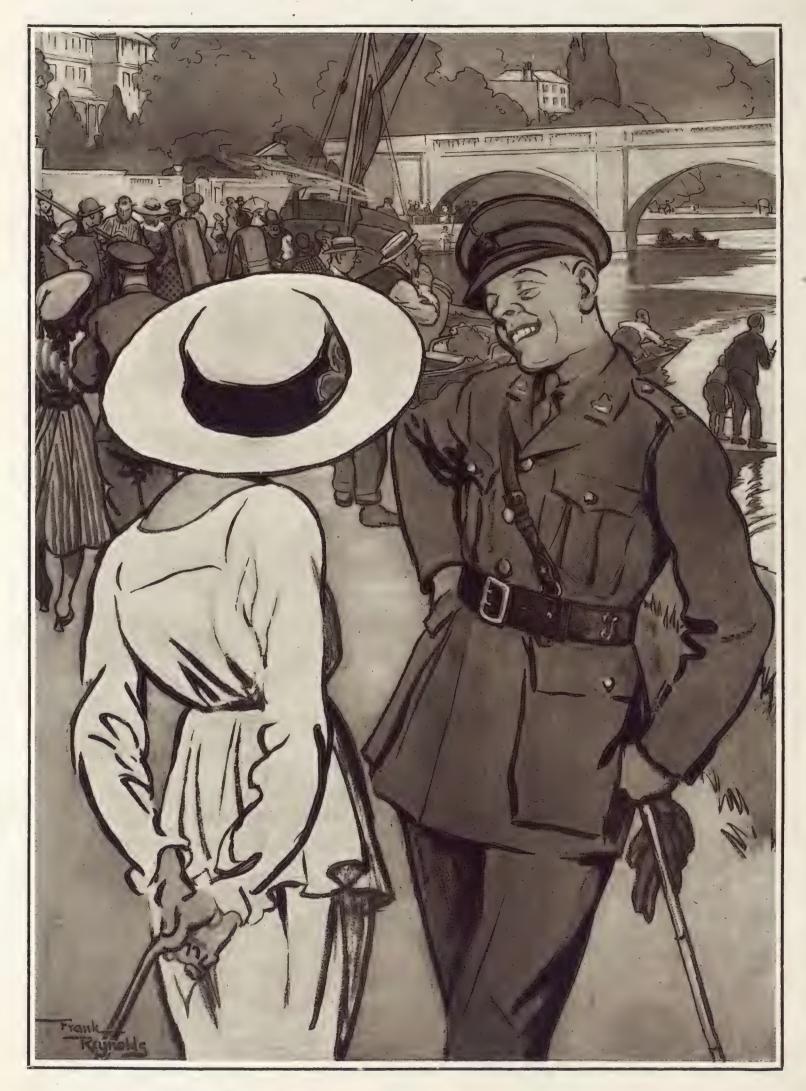
Casting Out Fear. By Flora Bigelow Guest. (John Lane.)
Studies in Literature. By Sir A. Quiller Couch. (Cambridge Press.)
Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke; With Memoir and Two Portraits. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)
Gentlemen at Arms. By Centurion. (Heinemann.)
The Destroyer. By Henry Erskine South. (Simpkin, Marshall.)
The Pathetic Snobs. By Dolf Wyllarde. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Threa Wise a Wing in Fermer. By Norma Loringer (Starkett Paul.) There Was a King in Egypt. By Norma Lorimer. (Stanley Paul.)
The Book of Strange Loves. By Regina Miriam Bloch. (John Richmond.)
When Love Flies Out of the Window. By Leonard Merrick. Introduction by Sir W. Robertson

Nicoll. (Hodder and Stoughton.)



"MAY I SAY I DO NOT KNOW THE LADY?"

142

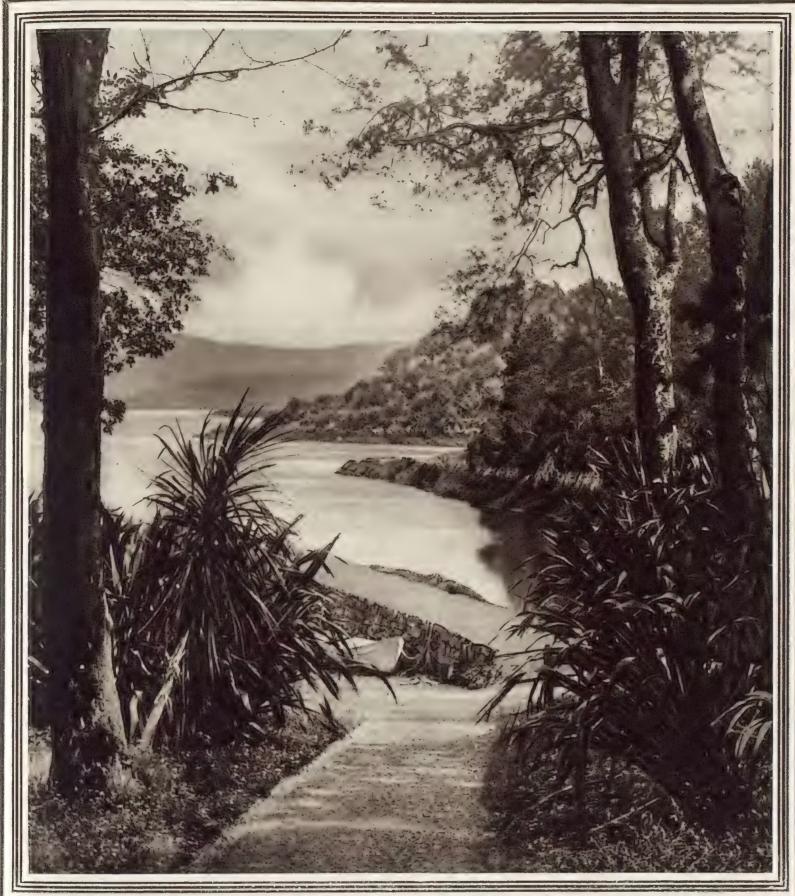


SHE OF THE "INNOCENT" WAYS: My people wouldn't be 'arf wild if they was to see me talkin' to an officer who hadn't been introduced.

THE SARCASTIC SUB. (fumiliar with both "Colonel's" and "Clergymen's" Daughters); Ah! 'Spose it would cause rather a flutter in the

Vicarage, what?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



Garinish Island, Parknasilla.]

[Photo by Geo. J. Smith & Co., Liverpool.

The Sunny South of Ireland.

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THE **FLYING** ATLANTIC.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

From the amount of excitement which is being A Question stirred up in some quarters, one might be of Time. almost tempted to believe that flying the

Atlantic is a new idea. As a matter of fact, it was obvious, as soon as M. Blériot had flown the Channel in 1909, that the Atlantic had to be flown some time or other. The only question was, when? The answer to that question was very near when, in July 1914, only a month before the outbreak of war, Rudolf Böhm, a German aviator, flew for 24 hours 12 minutes without alighting, and covered something like 1200 miles in doing it. Already there were aeroplanes which could fly at ninety miles an hour, so it was only a matter of combining the ninety-mile-an-hour machine with tank capacity to hold petrol and oil for twenty hours' flying, and the 1800 miles from Newfoundland to Ireland might be considered as covered.

There was no lack of candidates for the honour of Who Should being first across, but two were already making serious Be First? preparations for the trip early in 1914. Lieutenant John Porte, R.N., spent the whole of that year up to the outbreak

war broke out. He and an aeronautical friend who was with him only got out of Germany after a series of complicated adventures, which were related some time afterwards in the Cornhill Magazine. Mr. Keating was killed a year or so later in France, as an officer in the Irish Guards. Those three were really serious propositions, any one of which might have succeeded in 1915 but for things turning out as they did.

To-day, flying the Atlantic is a comparatively The Position simple proposition if it is tackled the right way. To-Day. Practically any of the big long-range bombing aeroplanes can do the journey if they are slightly "faked" for the job. Handley-Pages, Capronis, and certain newer British machines which must not be mentioned at the moment can get across with ease, and with comparative certainty, if, instead of carrying bombs and guns and bombers and gunners, they are fitted with temporary tanks for extra fuel and only carry a couple of pilots. Proper organisation would be necessary, so that the machines would only start from Newfoundland when it was known that the weather was suitable all the way across the Atlantic.



A CHRISTENING PARTY: INAUGURATING THE FIRST UNITED STATES LIBERTY AEROPLANE - MOTOR IN FRANCE,-[Photograph supplied by Topical.]

of war in designing, building, and experimenting a huge flyingboat, built by Mr. Glenn Curtiss at Hammondsport, New York State. This venture was financed by Mr. John Wanamaker, the American millionaire. The Porte boat had at first two engines, and afterwards was tried with three. After many failures, it was flying well, and bid fair to fulfil its object after some further alterations, when war broke out and Lieutenant Porte promptly came back to England, where he joined the R.N.A.S., did a great deal of distinguished work, and was rewarded a few months ago with a C.M.G.

The other serious effort was a huge monoplane A Huge designed and built by Messrs. Martin and Monoplane. Handasyde at Brooklands for the late Mr. Gustav Hamel. It was to have a 250-h.p. Sunbeam engine-huge power for those days. This venture was financed, as far as it went, by Mr. Mackay Edgar, the Canadian millionaire, best known as the owner of the famous racing motor-boat Maple Leaf. An emissary of his was actually in Newfoundland seeing about preparing a starting ground for the flight, and the aeroplane was built-together with a spare machine-when Mr. Hamel was drowned while flying from France to England in June 1914. That stopped further proceedings.

Mr. Keating's Adventures.

Mr. Keating, a wealthy Irish sportsman, was in Berlin, negotiating with the German Albatros Company-who had built Böhm's twenty-four hours machine-for the building of a Transatlantic machine when

Also, guide-ships ought to be stationed every Air Guides. fifty miles or so along the route, not only to indicate the course, but to pick up any aviators who might fall in by the way. Such ships might well be equipped with kite-balloons, both to show the way in case the ships themselves were concealed by fog, and to act as look-out posts in case Hun submarines might attempt to interfere with the ships. In this way it ought to be possible to bring hundreds, or thousands, of American-built combing machines to Europe without taking up shipping space, for the guideships might be steam-yachts, or even destroyers, which would not be used in any case as cargo-carriers.

Naturally, interest would centre in who would An Important be the individual pilot to get across first. Ouestion. Which raises the question of whether Lord Northcliffe's-or the Daily Mail's-£10,000 prize can be won. Obviously, all aircraft in these days are Government property, and it is hardly likely that the Government would permit their material to be used for a purely sporting event. Also, the pilots would, in all probability, be Service pilots; and it has been definitely laid down, so far as the British Services are concerned, that no pilot may receive a gratuity from a civilian. Also, all aerial sporting events in this country are governed by the Royal Aero Club, and one hears, on unimpeachable authority, that the R.A.C. definitely and very properly refuses to sanction any flying competition during the war.



-BRITISH BUILT -

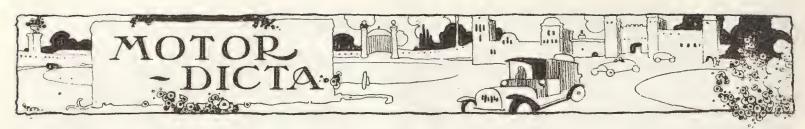
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THE APPRECIATION OF THE MOTOR AND ITS WORK. By GERALD BISS.

At the A.A.

Meeting.

Since Mr. Walter Long's petrolic message of appreciation at the A.A. meeting, motorists large and small, who for a very long while

past have been forced to sit in the corner without much consolatory pie, have begun somewhat self-consciously to imitate the attitude of little Jack Horner—him of Mells, who did so well for his most respectable and respected descendants by obtaining a batch of Glastonbury title-deeds. I know that the practical motorist is wondering whether there is any "plum" for auto-

wondering whether there is any "plum" for autoposterity to be extracted from this belated portion of pie that has fallen from the Long table. By which I mean whether the time has not come to approach Mr. Lloyd George, or someone likely to be in some position of influence after Foch has wiped up the cockpit of Europe with the Hunemy, under the good auspices of Mr. Walter Long, in order to obtain some definite assurance that things automobile shall be put upon a proper logical footing at the earliest possible moment after the war.

A Patriotic Industry.

Fair and honeyed words have been spoken to the industry which has done so much to save the situation not only in its own legitimate line of self-propelled transport, but with munitions of every sort and kind; and now is centred upon a vast production of aeroplanes, which are doing so much towards winning the war in the air. Surely gratitude here should

count for something, and help to the establishment of a better and more stable condition of things for what is now recognised as an essential industry? Labour, even the Bolshiest of the Bolshies, could not object on grounds of class prejudice as heretofore, as skilled labour itself has now so much personally at stake in the reconstruction of this industry, which has not only afforded, but actually created, so much highly paid employment—unless, of course, it intend to emulate the Gadarene porkers and plunge deliberately into Russian chaos.

Mr. Walter Long and the Motor Industry.

Now the first kind official word of appreciation of the third party to the automobile fraternity has fallen from the lips of Mr. Walter Long, who has ever shown himself friendly to this colossal development of modern locomotion,

A LEADING FEATURE IN THE NEW FRENCH OFFENSIVE TACTICS: SMALL FAST TANKS RETURNED FROM AN ATTACK.

Tanks play an important part in the new French offensive tactics. Preliminary bombardment is discarded, and the tanks open the proceedings by going into action behind a curtain of fire, followed by infantry. The new small tanks, manned by a crew of two, corresponding to our "Whippets," are very effective.—[French Offical Photograph.]

and actually godfathered the first crude Act of Emancipation through a very hostile House; and the question is whether it is not the psychological moment to follow up this belated sign

of grace, and attempt to get the essential future placed upon a more straightforward and businesslike footing. The proper administration and genuine freedom of the roads is the real pivot of the whole thing, the encouragement rather than the discouragement to motor, with its directly favourable and fostering reaction upon both manufacturer and employee; and what is wanted for this purpose is one thing, and one thing only—a logical Motor-Car Act, drafted in the light of modern



LIGHT, FAST, AND VERY EFFECTIVE: FRENCH TANKS OF THE NEW TYPE RETURNING FROM AN ATTACK.—[French Official Photograph.]

conditions, and stripped of puerile prejudices and repressive anachronisms.

Wanted—A
Motor-Car Act.

Can no step be made, in view of these all-round recognitions of manufacturer, manual labourer, and mere motorist, to get something of this

sort pledged not only by way of reward, but in view of the enormous potentialities of the future of the road? That will be one of the immediate and most important questions as soon as the final holocaust has burnt itself out and the last hecatombs have been made. And it looks at last as though the time to look ahead were in the near offing.

Rationed Dinners. Dinners in these days are rare things, and rationed ab ovo usque ad mala; but the Association of British Manufacturers, which is playing a very big hand in the reconstruction of things—though it does not gallivant

much in the limelight - could not resist entertaining Mr. Edward Manville, the latest Justice of Coventry's unrestful Peace, chairman of the Daimler, member of committees out of number, and about the busiest man in Automobildom, upon the occasion of his passing from its presidential chair to that of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain-a fine, longdrawn name of infinite value to a poor penny-a-liner. This little function at the R.A.C. was presided over by his successor, Mr. H. C. B. Underdown, of the M.O.M., Commercial Cars, and the Sheffield-Simplex, who paid generous tribute to what Mr. Manville has done in various capacities for the British industry of which he has been the figurehead—and a very active one at that-for many long years. I have not room to reproduce the optimistic utterances of both the principal speakers, or even to hint at the very successful work inaugurated by this new body, called into being by the exigencies of the war. The Government not only recognise it fully, but one Department at least has taken the A.B.M.A.M. as its model in defining the procedure with regard to reconstructional problems-no small compliment to a body so young. No wonder Mr. Teddy Manville, J.P., beamed so effulgently from

behind the usual colossal cigar as he passed on the latest of his successful industrial "babies," and went forth in search of fresh pastures and victories new.



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"THE ART OF THE ILLUSTRATOR," (Dept. Sk. 3), Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E. 23





Rumour has

that when peace returns, private motoring will be at a standstill for want of cars, owing, it is understood, to the fact that manufacturers will not be ready with their plans. As far as concerns the post-war Swift car, however, rumour is decidedly wrong. Swift plans are laid, and although at this moment it is not possible to publish them, intending Swift owners may rest assured that the arrangements we have made will fully justify the Swift reportation and that the results will offer Swift reputation, and that the results will offer no slight recompense to the present weary wait.



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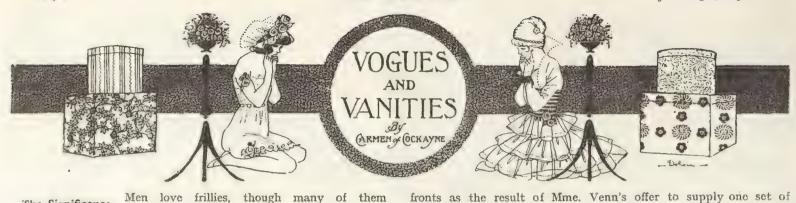


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The Significance of Frills.

Men love frillies, though many of them wouldn't admit it, and as many more would plead ignorance of anything connected with

what are still, rather inaccurately, known as the "mysteries" of feminine attire. Plate-glass windows and the art of advertising have quite done away with the secrecy that once surrounded those portions of the feminine toilette not usually exposed to the gaze of an interested world; and the apparel, to the initiated, oft proclaims the "ūndies" worn beneath it. Still, though reticence has vanished, frills and femininity are inseparably bracketed together in the mind of the average male. The more fussy the garment, the more it suggests the pre-war. Eve who loved her "natural

the pre-war Eve who loved her "natural protector," and never wanted anything so vulgar as a vote.

Dress and the Woman.

Adam is not the only one who feels the thrill of the frill. As time goes on, and Waacs and Wrens, munition girls and canteen-

ettes increase in number, women grow more and more susceptible to the lure of the luxurious undie. The Spartan khaki skirt and the equally practical blue one shelter almost as many "gems" of finest lace and gossamer lawn as their frivolous peace-time predecessors. It is curious to reflect that the war has had a

totally different effect on the two departments of women's dress. It has sobered the visible and stimulated the invisible to an orgy of frivolity which, though it may lead to a shaking of heads on the part of the serious, is infinitely attractive just the déshabille, or a pyjama suit—or, in fact, a "set" of undies of any kind—a week to such as cared to write for them, making mention of The Sketch.

Not Surprising.

After all, their enthusiasm is not to be wondered at, when the offer includes

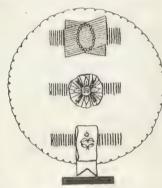
wondered at, when the offer includes things of the kind Dolores has sketched on this page to-day.

There are the pyjamas—by the way, it is interesting to note that the landswomen, or the war, or both, have helped to break down the old prejudice against bifurcated garments, except the invisible kind, that once upon a

time interfered so seriously with pyjama progress. No one could accuse the example shown of old-fashioned ideas. Whereas most pyjamas are content with straight legs, this particular example prefers triangular ones. Prefers, too, to have them made of glowing orange crêpe broché, with triangular insets of delphinium-blue, finished with silk tassels

at either side. And the coat holds the same bright views, and emphasises them by having a double ruche of mingled mauve and orange tulle to define the neck. Depression in such a garment is impossible. From its depths you must view the world brightly. It's possible—and they do it at 14-15, Conduit Street—to introduce variety into the latest novelty. One way is by using black-

and-white foulard with black or contrasting "triangles" in plain georgette. Cerise and white and blue and white are two other combinations of colourthat lend themselves becomingly to the furtherance of pyjama propaganda.



A garter in any other form might be as useful, but it wouldn't look so well.

The butterfly on the chemise just shows that the garment is the "latest thing."

same. The fact is, women want relaxation sometimes from the stern realities of war, and "undies," especially "undies" of the kind that Mme. Venn, of 14-15, Conduit Street, W., makes, are doing their best to provide it.

It is Everybody 's not Wanting Them. only the women who hanker after something to take their minds off the war, as Mme. Venn's post-bag convincingly proves. "I think the most useful present would be a pyjama suit, for if you sent us 'dinkie' little undies we should just hate the 'lady' to cover them up with a dress. You don't know how much we admire your illustrations in Sketch"; "We can't find anything approaching the delightful frilliness always noticeable in everything marked ' Venn's.' Our record is good, so we do feel jus-

tified in making this application for additions to our show "—are two examples taken at random from letters written by members of "troupes" on board ship, at flying bases, or on service at one or other of the numerous

The Vagaries of the Chemise.

The chemise, once the most decorous of garments, has wandered in strange paths since the days when its calico propriety was modestly

filled in at the neck with an edging of good, stout "chickenwork." It is difficult to believe that it really was the predecessor of the abbreviated specimen in nectarine-tinted crêpe-de-Chine that provides such an attractive background for the blue-and-black butterflies worked upon it, and contrasts so well with the black ribbon shoulder-straps, that forms the subject of one of the illustrations. There's more to the set than that. Knickers to match complete

There's more to the set than that. the good work begun by the modern equivalent of the kind of chemise that no one ever dreamt of calling a "chemmie." Or, again, what woman who admits to a partiality for pretty under-clothes—and most women have it—could stand firm in the face of temptation when it presented itself in the form of a pale-blue "set," outlined with finely gauged Brussels net reinforced with ribbon

and bands of insertion?

A Note on "Nighties."

Nighties."

Night - dresses, too, have kept abreast of the times. Novelty is wanted, and the "nightie" supplies it in many forms and as many colourings, the

in many forms and as many colourings, the most original being a Paisley chiffon affair patterned in shades of brown flecked with coral. Its box-pleated surface is new; the reticence of the flat ruche of tête de nègre

It seems almost a pity that the work of the artist in lingerie should be fated, as a rule to spend a retired existence.

ribbon that defines the neck and sleeves is unusual as well as novel. Garters, too, pursue the path of frivolity, But they never lose sight of their vocation. For all their gay and irresponsible appearance, every garter here shown does its duty in its own sphere.







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Wilson and Gill's "Service" Wristlet Watches are fitted with an extra stout and practically unbreakable bevelled crystal glass. Immense numbers are now in use, and have proved their thorough reliability during the present campaign.



A becoming hat for a little girl-made of

chine silk, lightly striped with black lines,

and with tiny yellow roses on it. . The

brim is of satin, and the hat is finished

off with black velvet strings.

The Call of the Sea.

There is not much of luxury about travel these days, yet Londoners must have their whiffs of sea air. It is rather wonderful to

see them enjoying the sea breezes, watching with fascinated faces the waves, taking those pleasures—which even in pre-war time

seemed to many of us futile—with the old-time keenness; and then to remember how things have been for nearly four years, and how even yet they are! Their journeys are the acme of discomfort, their lodgings likewise (for every seaside place within two or three hours of London is crammed to excess) their food precarious; but the sea makes up for all. I have seen this exemplified recently, even when families had to pay for their day's pleasure by sleeping in shelters. "It is dogged as does it"; and what we islanders want we get, even if it is to knock the Highest Hun's crown off, or enjoy sea-breezes with everything against doing so.

Out of the Picture. I have made a study of skin-coloured silk stockings, and conclude that they are a war-time extravagance. If one wants to show bare legs, why go to the expense of stockings? Now at Jay's there are

silk stockings which are really *chic* and very fascinating. After rather early childhood bare legs are unlovely, and simulating them is therefore silly. Jay's are very much specialists in leg and hand covering, and their stockings and gloves are always just right.

They are smart without verging on the bizarre; and so good that, even if they are initially expensive, in the end they are economical. The woman who is well gloved and well stockinged is more than half well dressed; while she who is dressed to the nines, as the saying goes, is ill-dressed and cut of the picture if her gloves and stockings are wrong.

Awlwright
Always.

Soap is the thing that makes the world clean, and the cleanest part of it is where the Anglo-Saxon race reigns. I am sure that in ten out of every dozen letters home returning thanks for parcels it is the couple of cakes of Wright's Coal Tar that are mentioned with the most gratitude. As to the prisoners of war, their love of that bit of "All Wright,"

as they call it, is very easy to see from the cards they send home. There is very little soap in Germany, and what there is is queer stuff, I am told, which, rub as you will, refuses to lather—very different from the soap of soaps, Awlwright always, which refreshes while it cleanses, and which, our clean fighting boys say, has a far finer perfume than eau-de-Cologne or Rhine Violet, since it has the wholesome, fresh smell and the cleanliness and freshness of Great Britain.

Embarrassment of Riches.

The holidays have been long this summer, but they are now drawing to a close, and that means that mothers' thoughts turn sharply to another kind of clothes — those for the coming school term. One careful mother

asked me to begin getting an outfit for her two girls, so that when they returned to town there would be only final touches to do. I went to Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, and every difficulty save one was smoothed away. That one was to choose between

White linen with touches of

pink is always charming for

a child's summer frock. In

this case the effect is en-

hanced by a hat made of the

same material.

quite a number of pretty, dainty evening gowns for my two young friends. They go to a school where everything is remarkably well done, and where they will learn savoir faire in all things before being launched in the great world. Peter's the Great is just a literal education in outfitting schoolgirls—also, I am told, boys.

There is everything they require, and in such variety of price and style that choice is difficult only from embarrassment of riches.

Convalescing Heroes.

There is a big military convalescent camp at Eastbourne known by the pleasant name

of Summerdown. In it three to four thousand of our fine soldiers are fighting their way to complete restoration to health and activity. Long ago, Miss Sylvester Samuel started industries for them, and these now include arts, and have so developed that, but for the everincreasing cost of materials, the camp arts and industries would be self-supporting. The men find this work of the greatest interest, and a real help to their convalescence. They have a studio now, and not long ago Queen Alexandra bought some clever sketches by a man who had in civil life been a poster artist.

They develop all sorts of talents under skilled tuition. The camp has its own magazine, and is an altogether delightful place for our heroes to regain their health. Miss Sylvester Samuel's organisation needs some support, and assuredly deserves it.

Cross- or Side-Saddle. There will be nothing more useful, comfortable, and

economical for autumn wear than really well-made coats-and-skirts and coatdresses of reliable and smart fabric. That is the rub—the difficulty of getting the reliable cloths. The best tip about that is to go to a tailor who makes up for men. Harry Hall, 207, Oxford Street, has a fine stock of really excellent and up-to-date cloths; also his cut and make are up to date; his styles of the best and latest, and his prices most reasonable even in this fourth year of war. There is a large and very well arranged ladies' department, and many officers' wives have found their way there and are constant customers. For ridingsuits, too, there is no better placewhether for cross- or side-saddle. There are points about Harry Hall's ridingcoats for women that all women appreciate, and that are the outcome of practical experience.

"British Artists at the Front" is the sequel to "The Western Front," and in Part II. we get finely colourful drawings by Sir John Lavery, A.R.A., showing us, as nothing else could, the never-ceasing work which is being done in our shipyards and elsewhere, effective in colour and convincing in their strength. Mr. Robert Ross contributes an appreciative note on the artist, and Captain C. E. Montague is responsible for vivid word-pictures of the scenes which Sir John Lavery has painted with such remarkable skill. "British

A little afternoon frock with sleeveless jacket in dull-blue taffetas over cream embroidered voile, a cream georgette hat with a gathered crown, finished with a small apple on the top—make a charming tout ensemble.

Artists at the Front," which is published, at 5s. per part, at 20, Tavistock Street, W.C., or 8-11, Southampton Street, W.C., will form a quite unique souvenir of the Great War.



Real Silk is cheapest in the end

THE graceful elegance and charming designs in "Vigil" Silk adapt themselves to all purposes for which silk is used whether for negligee wear or full dress occasions VIGIL" Silk is one of those rare productions that consist entirely of pure Silk without the addition of cotton or other mixtures to cheapen or tin to give it artificial weight

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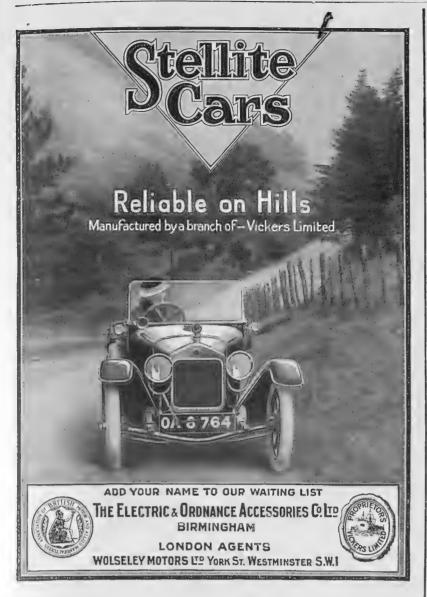


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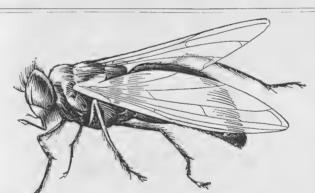


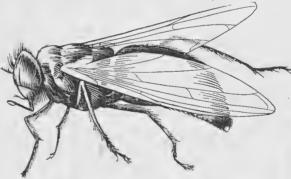
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Order early.

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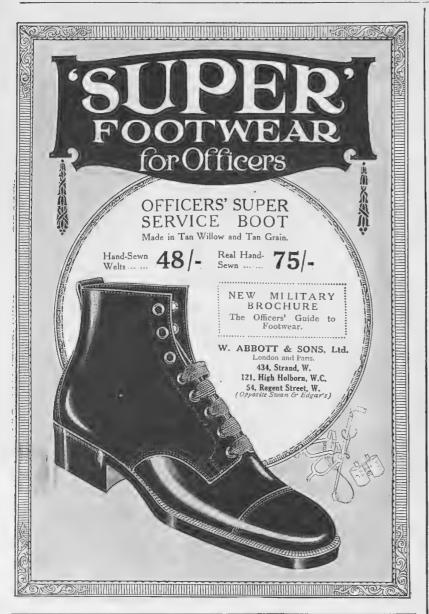
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French Sailor shape, crown beautifully embroidered with "Pyrenees" Wool in a variety of shades to match.

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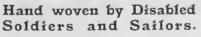
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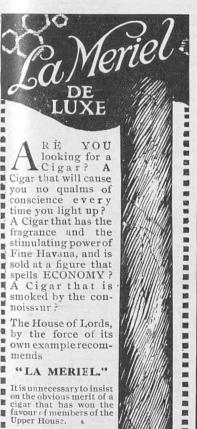
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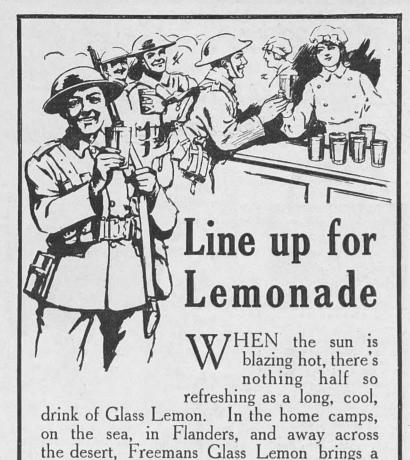
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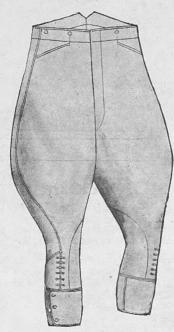
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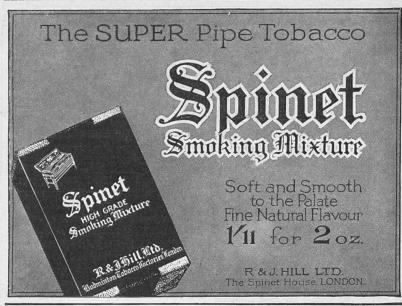
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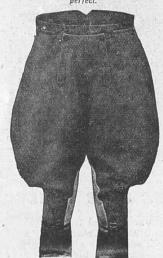
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